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Beautiful Italians Stay Youthful Until Very Old



Donna Maria Mazzoleni, Italian



Angela Cesare, Venetian.



Queen Helene of Italy.

The Women of Rome Know How to Keep Their Hair Lustrous, Their Complexions Clear, and Their Eyes Soft and Shining.

By MARIAN MARTINEAU.

"WHY do Americans come to Rome?" asked one American of another as they sat watching the stream of Americans pass by. "It is to study the women of Rome," said the other. "I must confess that, though I visit Italy every winter the women are a never-ending source of interest and admiration."

"There are certain things about the Italian women which are most admirable. They hold their youth better than they used to hold it, and the beautiful Italian of today stays young until she is a very old woman. True, she is not like the French woman, who never grows old. But she stays young until she is very aged, indeed. But her admirable point is the beauty of her middle life."

"It is in her mature years that the Italian woman is the most beautiful. As a young girl she is lovely, and there is a something about her that is very arch and graceful. But it is when in her full maturity that she shines, actually blooms. She comes forth then and gleams. She bursts out from the bud which, though pretty, was far from perfect, into the most ideal flower without one flaw."

Not in Full Beauty.

"The Italian woman of twenty is not yet in her full beauty. Like Calve and like many another of her land, she is not at her best until she is thirty and even thirty-five."

"The Italian woman is of the type known as voluptuous, but she is not

really a voluptuous personality. In mind she is spirituelle. But in body voluptuous is the best way to describe her. She is full in figure, with big hips, a broad chest, and a tiny little waist. Her neck is big and thick and her throat is wide, yet so columnar that it is never coarse. Her cheeks are round and plump and her head sets on her shoulders with what may be called a poise."

"The Italian woman has a marvelous way of carrying herself. It is said of her that she gains this queenly poise from the peasant woman who carries her burden on her head. The farming women, the laboring women, the fish wives and the peasants of lower walks are all trained to carry their burdens on their heads."

"Of course the Italian woman of high degree has no such training. But she, somehow, gets in the way of carrying her head in a regal way. It may be that she learned it of some nurse in her baby days; it may be that she admired the walk of the peasants and imitated it; or it may be that, somewhere back in her ancestry, she got a drop of peasant blood and her head and her shoulders, her proud walk and her lofty manner, all bear evidence of it."

Proud as a Queen.

"I carry my head proudly," said an Italian woman who bore her head like a queen, "because I was taught that a lady should carry her head erect. Not for whole worlds would I drag my head in my hands. I am so proud to lower my chin to anybody. I walk with my head tossed high."

And "with head tossed high," the Italian woman does indeed walk. She lifts

her chin proudly and she becomes all the more beautiful from this habit, or trick, as one might call it.

The Italian woman is naturally very regular of profile. She is Grecian in her type, rather than Roman, as her proud pretty features will bear witness. She has a straight nose, rather long, and the nostrils are full though delicate. When she breathes and becomes excited these dilate, showing that she is of sensitive type."

When the Italian woman is a little girl her nose is trained. The Italian nurse "teaches the features how to grow." She takes the little nose in her fingers many times a day and gives it a gentle pinch. It is taught to be straight and regular. It is taught to be pure Grecian. If it is too pointed at the tip it is pinched until it stops growing, and it is turned up slightly to give it the retroussé lift. Though in Italy the "pig" is not considered such a mark of beauty as in Paris or in London, still the nose must be kept from growing long at the end at any hazard, even though it tilt a little.

Has Long Eyes.

The Italian child is also made to have long eyes. It is said that the father of Jane Hading, desiring his daughter to have long oval-shaped eyes, took her to an Italian specialist, and that the great surgeon slit the skin at each corner of the eyeball, giving the eyes the long, narrow look which is so much admired in Jane Hading.

But this is a cruel way to lengthen the eyes, which should not grow long in that manner. Or, if there be such a secret, it is buried in the mind of the great Italian beauty specialist. But it is true that the Italians do train their beauties in other ways and that they do make their eyes big and full and lovely by coaxing and by beauty arts.

An Italian child is never allowed to rub its eyes. It never cries. If it bursts into tears it is not repressed, but is allowed to have its cry out. This beautifies the eyes and makes them clear. The American woman, on the other hand, out of mistaken kindness presses

back the tears and the child is made to wipe its eyes and stop crying. Often the eyeballs are fairly pushed back into their sockets, as the child is taught that it must not cry.

The Italian woman never reads in a dim light; in truth, she never reads when she is indisposed. That is one of the secrets of her marvelous beauty. She takes a complete rest when she is not feeling very well. The American woman does not do this. Her idea is that she must not give up. So she keeps going and keeps going until she drops. The woman of Italy, that lovely, languorous type, rests when she is out of sorts. She does not overtax her vitality. And she keeps in better health in consequence.

Takes Care of Beauty.

The restful type of woman is the Italian woman.

She never has nervous prostration. She is never fidgety.

She does not know what it is to be uneasy, or out of sorts.

Though fiery in temperament, she is of the peaceful sort.

And she is a woman who keeps her health and her complexion.

The result of resting when one does not feel like working, is shown more quickly in the complexion than any other way. The woman who has a cold and who ventures out with cold feet will surely have a red nose and a set of pimples. She will have an influenza and her chin will be broken out. She will speedily show the results of working when she is not well.

The Italian society woman has been called lazy. It has been said of her that she rests every day in the year and she has been described as a garlic eating, greasy, lazy creature, whose whole beauty lies in her soulful eyes and in her fine walk.

But the Italian society woman is far from this. She may eat garlic and onions and may subsist almost wholly on a vegetarian diet, as, indeed, she does. But she is very far from being lazy or dull. She is bright, active and full of life. Her step is free, she dances

exquisitely, she is the soul of music, and she is made for all the fine arts. She is the one woman in the world of whom the poet Browning, speaking to a friend, said: "She is all poetry!"

Her Food a Poem.

Her diet is the most poetic of all. Mrs. Browning describes it as vegetarian. "We live on figs and sherbet," said she. And the Italian woman does, indeed, live on these things, and on a variety of fruit. She has little meat, for meat is dear and none too plentiful nor choice.

The Italian woman sips her glass of wine, she eats her spaghetti, she takes her fruits, she daintily sips her ices, and she is content. That is her diet. And the result shows in her skin. She fasts, according to an American woman's idea of fasting, all the year around. And her diet does her lots of good.

The Italian woman has a deep, clear complexion, but in spite of her olive skin, the Italian woman is neither yellow nor bilious. She is clear in hue and you can see the red blood mounting to her cheeks. She eats too many green vegetables to be bilious, and, like the Pope, she believes in abstinence and rest cure. No Italian society woman would expect abstinence were she to confess that she had been guilty of gluttony. And were she to say that she had eaten too heartily of meat at a banquet she would be condemned for her very bad taste.

The Italians treat the skin constantly. They massage it with oils, and they even grease the hair, but only to make it grow. No one ever saw a bald-headed Italian woman, for her hair is treated with the pure oil of the cocoon and with balsam until it is so well nourished that it grows thickly upon her head.

Very often there is a natural wave in it, and then its glossy length is treated in a way that is both remarkable and beautiful. The signora of high degree takes her lovely hair and parts it. She waves it on each side until it lies in wide ripples all over her head. She takes the tongs and deepens these rip-

They Are Most Beautiful When They Have Attained Mature Years, Although Very Pretty and Graceful While Younger.

ples. And she makes her dusky hair one mass of exquisite undulations.

To complete her task she gathers it very loosely at the back of the neck, or perhaps she lets it hang, trusting to the Spanish scarf to give it dignity. Or she ties it with flowers and lets it spread over her neck and back.

She makes a picture of herself, of that you may be sure. Nor will she rest until the picture is complete. She takes flowers and fastens them in her hair, each side of her parting, and she secures huge bunches of crimson blossoms just where they will look the most beautiful.

She Puts Finishing Touches.

It was at a banquet that the lovely Signora Grimaldo, one of the old family of that name, scored her greatest triumph. The signora was gowned in cream color and her neck and shoulders covered with pearls. At her throat there gleamed a lovely emerald ornament. Emeralds shone in her dress.

Her hair on this particular evening, when she scored her greatest triumph, was dressed loosely on her neck so that she could drape a scarf of Spanish lace over it. But in her hair, each side of the parting, she placed a beautiful bouquet of flowers. On one side she secured some deep crimson blossoms. And on the other side a bunch of white flowers with their green leaves. It made a beautiful decoration, and the signora added to her triumphs perceptibly that night.

The Spanish woman always makes a picture of herself. "I once employed a Spanish maid," said a society woman.

"The maid had worked for Mrs. Brown Potter and she understood the art of dress."

"One night when I was ready to go to a dinner, I stood in front of my mirror dissatisfied. 'I have on a new gown,' said I, aloud, 'but I am not beautiful. My gown is stiff. I have no feminine grace.'"

"Permit me, madame," said the maid, "And with deft fingers she took a great pink rose from a vase on the table and fastened it behind one of my ears so that it fell upon my neck. Then taking a white rose she secured it under the other ear. 'Now, madame,' said she, 'please look.'"

"I looked and was satisfied. It was the finishing touch. The one touch that I needed."

It is not always that the Spanish woman puts a rose under her ear, but she is sure to do something decorative. She is sure to dress up in some manner. She has a way of adding little touches that are as necessary as the final touches to a room, as necessary as the scent to the rose.

But speaking from a more practical standpoint, and as a guide to the woman who wants to be beautiful, the Italian woman has a perfect complexion because she takes fruits and other easily digested foods.

She has fine spirits and clear, soft eyes, because she knows how to rest, and understands the knack of not over-exerting herself.

She keeps her regular features and fine carriage to early training. And she owes her beauty to the care which she habitually takes of her face and of her figure.

SECRET OF WASHING FLANNEL AND KEEPING IT SOFT

Winter underwear having come into use again, many unfortunate wearers are suffering the discomforts of poorly washed, shrinking "flannels." It certainly is trying to one who must wear them to be forced to submit to the slow but sure ruining of woollens just bought for the season, but this is what happens to most of them in the hands of the ordinary wash woman. A laundress that is ignorant and settled in her ways cannot be taught, but with a reasonably intelligent woman, willing to take advice, the wearer of woollens if she knows how they need to be handled in the wash can give instructions that will result in well-kept undergarments bound to last at least two winters.

How to Wash Wool.

The secret consists in keeping the fiber of the wool uninjured. It must not have the natural oil boiled out of it nor must the fibers be broken by hard twisting when being wrung by hand. There is no reason why woollen undergarments should not be washed as often as any others, but they must not be left in water or in a wet state any longer than is necessary. For it is wetting that shrinks them. So flannels must never be boiled nor put into boiling water. Neither must they be soaked before washing, as are linens and cottons.

The less they are rubbed the better. Rubbing wool knots the hair and hardens the surface. They must not be dried very near the

fire, nor in very fierce sunshine. This shrinks them.

They need not be ironed, but can be pulled into shape.

Woollens should be washed and hung out to dry as quickly as possible. Leaving them lying about in heaps, wet, shrinks them.

Only the best of soap is fit to be used. Soda destroys wool, and is largely put into poor soaps. Four ounces of a pure make to a gallon of water will produce a strong cleansing solution. Shred the soap thinly into a tub and pour the boiling water over it. Do not put in the flannels until the soap has dissolved, and the mixture is cool enough to bear the hand comfortably.

Then thoroughly shake each article free from dust, put them into the tub, and squeeze and squeeze them in the water till they are clean, which they will soon be, as the suds made in this way rapidly draws the dirt out of wool and flannel. Should the garment not look clean, wash in a second sud.

Rinse in warm water, and, if possible, pass through a wringer, because this expresses the water without twisting the fabric.

Its Sanitary Properties.

As all or part wool flannel is an absolute necessity to the good health of many persons, the washing of them is a matter of great importance. It is possible, too, that the very sanitary woollen would be much more used if buyers could feel that the life of a garment would be long enough to make good the

price paid for it, so very many are its good qualities.

Wool absorbs moisture and allows it to evaporate quickly because it does not absorb the moisture into its fiber, as cotton and, more especially, linen does. This absorbs moisture as blotting paper does ink, and it remains a wet spot upon the skin which has been bathed in perspiration, a cold air striking upon it causes a serious, and sometimes even a fatal, chill.

For Perspiring Hands.

Perspiration of the hands is often due to a poor condition of the general health, in which case an iron tonic will work wonders in the way of a cure. A good lotion for application after washing and drying is made by mixing together a quarter of an ounce of tincture of belladonna and two ounces of eau de cologne. This should be allowed to dry on the hands, then dusted with powdered fuller's earth.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

"Your governess appears to be like one of the family."

"O, yes; she is."

"Says she wouldn't leave you for anything."

"Yes, I know."

"Devotedly. She is a treasure. I wouldn't give her up for the world."

"Your husband also thinks lots of her."

"I-I suppose so."

"Yes, he told my husband she was a peach."

And next day the poor governess was fired.—Houston Post.

A WOMAN OF THIRTY

When one knows the age of a woman one knows the woman. The very fact that she permits you to know her age exposes her character. She no longer masquerades. She has lost a certain uncertainty, an evanescent delicacy, that was an irresistible charm. Women, like philosophy, are divided into two classes, the knowable and the unknowable. Also like philosophy, it is the unknowable woman who is the speculable. Therefore to get her at her highest capacity, she must be unmarried and about thirty.

The married woman presents certain inescapable tell-tale data. She has children, and those children have apparent ages, two facts which go far in determining her annals. If she is unmarried and is not "about thirty," she is under of Kent, and the ceremony took place on a Sunday evening in the Universalist Church, of which his mother is the pastor. The ring used in the ceremony was the one that had been given by the groom's father to his mother on the occasion of their marriage, thirty-seven years ago.

Married by His Mother.

The unusual distinction of being married by his mother led to the lot of an Ohio groom a few evenings ago. He is a resident of Kent, and the ceremony took place on a Sunday evening in the Universalist Church, of which his mother is the pastor. The ring used in the ceremony was the one that had been given by the groom's father to his mother on the occasion of their marriage, thirty-seven years ago.

Should Be Graceful in Movement.

The hands of every woman should be flexible, graceful, and attractive in every movement. To gain this ease and flexibility she should practice a good

THE HANDS THE MOST NOTICEABLE FEMININE FEATURE

There is no feminine feature which so clearly indicates the character and personality of a woman as her hands. They are the picture of the hand of the average girl, most of us could tell at a glance whether she is good-tempered or shrewish, tidy, or careless, vain or indifferent. Women study the ways and means of acquiring straight shoulders, using the eyes, dressing the hair and holding the chin properly, but their hands are left to take care of themselves. They are stuffed in tight gloves and told to be graceful, left to protrude beneath awkward sleeves and asked to dangle attractively. As a matter of fact, there is a great art in the use of the hands. Hands are intensely expressive. Some actresses, Bernhardt for instance, can express the whole gamut of emotions with the tips of the fingers.

You can detect a weak, hopelessly stupid woman's character by the way in which her hands droop from the wrists. A precise, old maid may be at once known by the affected crooking of the little finger. The coquette's hands bend upward from the wrist. The nervous woman's hands are never still. The self-conscious woman is always hunting hiding places for her hands. The unsentimental, sanguine woman has stiff, solid fingers and heavy wrists.

Should Be Graceful in Movement.

The hands of every woman should be flexible, graceful, and attractive in every movement. To gain this ease and flexibility she should practice a good

wrist exercise and a good finger exercise for at least five minutes daily. She should never allow her hands to droop from the wrist and should watch every movement of them and note whether or not it is graceful. Every night the hands should be bathed in hot water, immersed in glycerin and rose water, the finger tips rubbed with lemon and the nails carefully shaped and polished. The wearing of an old pair of loose kid gloves at night will greatly improve the hands, softening and whitening them at the same time.

But the greatest aid to the acquisition of beautiful hands lies in the dressing of them. Perfectly fitting gloves allow for the effective use of the ten digits. The new fad for wearing lace and chiffon ruffles in the sleeves is most becoming to the hand as a three-quarter-length dress to a schoolgirl. It is ungainly.

Rings and Bracelets Fascinating.

Rings should be worn either in great profusion or not at all, and stones should be selected which are becoming to the skin. A bracelet is the most becoming and effective bit of jewelry in the world. It lends to the hand a fascination that makes the observer follow its every movement. The hands should

always be delicately perfumed so that they leave upon everything they touch their own insignia.

Upon the average man a woman's hands have the most intense effect. A beautiful face cannot attract him if its owner does not know how to use her hands, or if she is careless of them. He could not tell a girl how he loved her if he found himself grasping a harsh, chapped hand with rough fingers and crooked nails. Yet the touch of a vanished, graceful, beautiful hand will haunt him long after he has forgotten the owner's face or the color of her eyes. It is no longer the hand that rocks the cradle, but the hand that patronizes the manicure, which rules the world.

Smooth White Arms.

Arms that are red and rough are dis-
tressing to the owner. They should be
bathed every night with hot water, to
which a little ammonia has been added,
and then well rubbed with a well-soaped
loofah. Dry thoroughly by rubbing hard
with a towel, the object being to set up
a glow. When the arms have been
dried take a little glycerin and lemon
juice, and with the palm of the hand
rub it in; keep rubbing until the skin
no longer feels sticky. In the morning
wash the arms again with hot water,
soap, and a loofah, and rinse in clear,
tepid water. Dry well, dust over with
a good powder and give a final rub with
a soft chamomile leather.